BY STEERAGE FROM HUNGARY

A WOMAN'S TRIP AND HOW 1T
IMPRESSED HER.

Not Without Hardships Even for Seasoned
Third Class Travellers, and not to
He Rashiy Attempted by the Over
Nice Used to a Different Sort of Life.

It is foolish to try to run away from circumstances. You may change the environment, but all the sorrow, despair and temptations are there to greet you with grimaces when you get back home.
Nevertheless, a certain woman tried to run away.

She ran so fast and far that she found herself one evening, after a table d'hôte dinner in Hungary, practically without money. She had to get hôme at once to earn more. It was nearly time for schools to open and all the rest of it.

"Go steerage," the pocketbook insisted. Family pride, like Pooh-Bah's, rebelled. But the pocketbook, whether full or empty, be a sturdy factor in shaping the affairs of saturdy factor in shaping the affairs of the start in the course of the start in the side, to find the joy, rest, peace and consolation of the Heavenly Kingdom.

At the first lights of New York the imminant in the course of the start mysterious ocean.

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But the pocketbook, whether full or empty, is a sturdy factor in shaping the affairs of mankind, and in this case gained the day. It was steerage or swim. The woman took a train down to the pretty little city of Fiume and bought her ticket, explained a few things to the agent, and presenting to him a generous share of her few remaining dollars, by rare good luck got a cabin

to herself. Sailing day came all soo soon. Arrayed in a short thick skirt, heavy shoes and ulster and boy's cap, the woman went through the examination as to health, eyes, vaccination and the rest of it, struggled up the gangway, and dragged, pushed crowded in with evil smelling people, got to her cabin and prepared for the voyage.

It might have been worse. There was a good smoking room for the men, a sitting room for the women, two dining saloons, with revolving chairs, oilcloth table covers, decent dishes, stewards to wait on the table, a good pantry from which the food was served and an indefatigable chief steward, who gave his personal attention to the details of eighteen messes. There were three hospitals, one isolated. The food was not bad, except the coffee. There were roasts, stews, fish and potato salads, pork and beans, maccaroni served in many attractive ways, good bread, fresh fruit twice a week and plum pudding Thursday and Sunday.

The sail down the Adriatic was delicious, The ship ran into Trieste, a beautitul, clean white city, giving an opportunity to ride out by tram to see Miramar, the toy palace of Maximilian. Then there was a passing view of Mount Ætna, with its wondrous snow top and sides and the rich verdure at its base.

At Palermo the Sicilian emigrants are taken on, and then off again into the blue Mediterranean with more human freight. For the first time it was made plain what the hardships of third class passengers might be. In the Italian ports the Italian Government has things all its own way. Before allowing any third class Italian passengers to embark on a ship all the steerage passengers have to be cleared from the ship and all the luggage taken off and put on the quay under tarpaulin or passed out on lighters.

No matter how hard it rains, out it goes. The people are driven off, and, at the company's expense, sent to cheap boardingouses to be fleeced, at which the low class Neapolitans are adepts. The poor Hungarians particularly, not knowing why they are turned out, not understanding a word of Italian, have a hard time of it.

The quay looks like the inside of a kaleido scope, with the many strange bundles and boxes piled up ready for covers. Then begins the work. The ship, already very begins the work. The ship, already very clean, is polished, scrubbed and aired; and when all is ready, the Italian commission makes a tour of inspection, every one standing by as if it were the royal family.

First come the officers of the commission and those of the ship's officers who form an escort; then the Italian police, many clerks

escort; then the Italian police, many clerks and the royal Italian officers, with striped clocks, caps on the sides of their heads, in true Neapolitan fashion, the cock feathers sweeping one ear. Usually the commission finds more or less fault, but all suggestions are carried out by the ship's staff.

Early on sailing day the emigrants come down to the quay, afraid of being left. They sit down and wait. Many have no food all day. The vendors throng the quay to try and get the few last soldi of the available money these people have left. The children, unconscious of past or future, watch the bird sellers. Mothers who can afford it buy a little fruit for their children. The purser and his aides prepare to take on these thousand human souls over the narrow gang-

There is a frantic scramble to be first on the gangway. The more fortunate passengers who get on first stand on deck and shout encouragement to their friends

on the gangway. The more fortunate passengers who get on first stand on deck and shout encouragement to their friends or neighbors still penned in by this human agitated tide. Two little children who were being sent out to their father were lifted over the heads of those in front and taken on board. They afterward became pets of everybody, through their untiring good nature in all trying times.

At last this ordeal is over, those not occupied in stowing away so many people come up en deck to watch another big liner back into anchorage beside us, a ticklish proceeding. The engineers come up for a breath of ozone before starting. Then the anchor comes up with a clanking of chains, the pilot takes his place on the bridge with the captain, there is a quiver as the big engines start throbbing, and the big ship moves out toward old New York, the Rialto, the theatres and all the rest.

Everything is made as comfortable on the Mediterranean liners bound for New York as is consistent with the price paid. There are fine lavatories and wash rooms; rooms have ports and are well aired except in severe weather. It seems a waste, the way when a many sleep in their clothes

in severe weather. It seems a waste, though, when so many sleep in their clothes from the day they sail till they land, and there are so careful to be seasick on the

others are so careful to be seasick on the floor of their cabins. It often requires both hose and burning sulphur to drive these people on deck.

Men and women have separate sections and at 9 o'clock all are sent below and the iron doors locked between. But for the most part, there is little to be feared from the men travelling. The menace to young girls coming to America to find places as houseworkers is from others. A man caught interfering with these girls would be severely dealt with; but all the same they sometimes escape the vigilance of those in authority.

in authority.

Taking the steerage passengers all in all, they are a merry, happy lot of irresponsible children. They sing, dance, and play sames; the men gamble, and often a friendly the state is believed and later irresponsible. me ends in knives, and later irons, or hospital. They have violins, accor-ns, mouth organs and make merry all dions, mouth org

day if it is clear.

There is a good deal of indiscriminate love-making. The national dances help it along. Sensuous gypsylike music, with whirling, jumping, bending up and down clasped closely in each other's arms and dancing until they sink with exhaustion, still clasping each other and kissing and caressing as a finish to the dance—it is an odd sight. Travelling by steerage would be an excellent field for economists who wish to reconstruct the world.

Gibraltar was safely passed, its harbor filled with warships. Outside, the sea seemed mountains high; the wind blew; the sea moaned; the ship rolled like a cradle, and a cloud of fear settled down on the steerage. Men and women were shricking

and a cloud of fear settled down on the steerage. Men and women were shricking and praying in all languages; some chanting dirges, others clasping the image of some saint. To assure them that such a big ship was safe was wasted breath.

The histories of these people are interesting, often romantic. One poor creature, aged by hard work, had been sent for by her husband after six years. She was clad in a dirty short skirt to her knees,

through the great mysterious ocean.
At the first lights of New York the immi-At the first lights of New York the immigrants became almost crazy. They were kind people, it seemed to the woman traveller when all was over. One little Hungarian girl en route to Cleveland to look for work was a walking sermon. Her whole thought was for others. The person who got her secured a treasure of a servant, without the aid of a guild of any kind. She spoke English correctly, but slowly.

"My tongue is so thick to the English," she said to the woman at parting, "but you have help us to be happy and forget our homesick. We ask the good God to bless you—you have played the piano, helped the sick, made us laugh, taught the English, and we thank you."

and we thank you."

It was the benediction that closed the

MISS SUTTON, TENNIS CHAMPION Great Record of California in Eastern

Tournaments. Although her visit East was a brief one, Miss Mary Sutton of Pasadena, Cal., defeated all opponents in such impressive style that her strong athletic figure and smiling face will not soon be forgotten. The crack Eastern lawn tennis players were all routed in a regular Waterloo fashion, and now that the champion has departed they are wondering among themselves whether they really know anything about the game of tennis after all. Possibly ping-pong would be more to their

taste in their present frame of mind. Miss Sutton's trip East had been long in her mind. After winning everything in sight at home and holding her honors for four years, Miss Sutton longed like Alexander for more worlds to conquer. That she stood in a class by herself was so evident that Wright and Ditson's official note of the Californian season says of her: "In the lady champion's case, the chief difficulty eems to be to handicap her so that she will have a chance to lose, as odds of owe 40 receive 15, given to a one-time champion here, do not seem sufficient, and she has lost but one set in match play in over four years."

If this reputation ever penetrated among Eastern players it was usually heavily discounted as a tale from the West which nearer view would disclose as nothing wonderful. The Pacific Coast champion entered as

her first tourney here the open meeting for the women's championship of America, deciding to face at once the crack players of the country. The result of this tourney, held at Wissahickon Heights, Philadelphia, is now a matter of history. There Miss Sutton defeated all opponents without the loss of a set, a remarkable and unparallelled record in a championship meeting. She won from Miss E. Howell of Philadelphia, 8-2, 6-1; from Miss Coffin of Staten Island, -1, 8-0; from Miss Homans, the West Side champion, 6-1, 6-1, and from the champion, Miss Bessie Moore, 6-1, 6-2. In all these matches Miss Sutton held her opponents on the defensive, with the result never in doubt from the start. The one consolation defeat of Miss Sutton and Miss Hall in the final found of the women's doubles by Miss Moore and Miss Carrie B. Neely of Chicago. Miss Sutton, pairing with Mr. Dallas, also ost the final of the mixed doubles to Miss Moore and Wylie C. Grant of New York.

Local players had a chance to see the new champion in the Middle States tourney at Mountain Station, N. J., which took place he week following. Miss Moore, the exchampion, did not enter this meeting, but Miss Sutton again went through with ridiculous ease, not losing a set. She defeated n turn Miss Swift, 6-0, 6-0; Miss Jewett; -0, 6-1; Miss Homans, 6-0, 6-0, and Miss Carrie B. Neely, the title holder, 6-1, 6-1. Miss Sutton also won first in the women's doubles and the mixed doubles, pairing with Miss Marion Hall in the former event and wit: E. B. Dewhurst in the latter. Later on the Kings County courts a round robin event gave Miss Sutton easy wins over Miss Carrie B. Neely, Miss Anna M. Risch, the New York T. C. club champion, and the ex-champion, Miss Moore. Against these players Miss Sutton lost only three games n all, defeating Miss Moore without the oss of a game, a great performance con-

loss of a game, a great performance considering the reputation of her opponents. In appearance Miss Sutton is of the sturdy athletic style with a muscular forearm that many a man might envy. She plays a hard, aggressive game and wields her 13%-ounce recount with perfect ease. While inclined to hit the ball from near plays a hard, aggressive game and wields her 13½-ounce racquet with perfect ease. While inclined to hit the ball from near the base line, she can play a net game with telling effect. Her backhand strokes are made with freedom and force, frequently sooring along the side lines. It's her strength and ease of motion that impress the onlooker. She plays smilingly and confidently as one who has yet to meet a real rival. "You won that point, but I was only fooling," is what she seems to say to an opponent/when a rally goes against her, and a few swift, well placed strokes end the game in the champion's favor. A man opponent must leave his gallantry in the dressing room if he would hold his own with Miss Sutton. When it was suggested at the Kings County Club meeting that the "gallery" would appreciate a match between Miss Sutton and one of the blue ribbon winners of the club, the men present became suddenly very quiet. This was just after the champion had polished off Miss Moore in two love sets, and seemed a bit hungry for more. Perhaps they knew of the match at Bay Ridge, played before a select number since pledged to secrecy, in which Miss Sutton defeated a Crescent man whose name is not disclosed, but whose reputation with the racquet is such as to rank him well up among the leaders.

"I first began to play when I was 11 years old," said the champion to a reporter of THE SUN. "I went into my first tournament when I was 12 and was beaten by one of my older sisters, This tournament was for the championship of southern California, and my sister Violet won it that year (1899). The next year I beat Violet, and therefore won the championship of the Pacific Coast and have won this tournament for the past three years."

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Miss Sutton is now in Chicago, to be where she will take part in the Western Championship tournament held at the Kenwood Country Club this week. There she expects to meet the crack players from the middle West. Miss Myrtle McAteer, the title holder, and Miss Closterman, the runner up of a year ago, are both strong players, but whether they can defeat the national champion remains to be seen. Miss Sutton will return to California in time to defend the Pacific Coast championship, which takes place the latter part of August.

HOLIDAYS OF OPERA SINGERS.

THIS IS THE REST TIME OF A BUSY LOT OF ARTISTS.

Where They Are and What They Are Doing Before Winter Preparations Begin
—Caive is Automobiling—Sembrich
in the Mountains—Nordica Stays Here.

The closing of the Covent Garden season of opera has practically sent into vacation all the famous singers of the world. The lerman opera houses will be open, however, within a month and there will be employment for some of the singers, among them the artists who are well known at the Metropolitan Opera House. Many of these have been singing in London during

the spring and summer.

Among them was Mme. Ternina, who has just finished her engagement at Covent Garden. She is now in Munich and will spend several weeks in her home there before going to Croatia, where she always passes a part of every vacation with her sister. Mme. Ternina has made her home in Munich for several years. Later she will go to a small bathing resort near Frank-fort, where she found great relief from her nervousness last summer.

Mme. Calvé, who was also a member of the company at Covent Garden and sang there in "Herodiade," called "Salome" to suit the prejudices of the censor, has returned to Paris by automobile. She is to travel on to her chateau in Aveyron, a mediaval structure which she as a peasant girl had admired, but never thought of ssing till her genius brought her so many American dollars. The prima donna now travels as much as possible by automobile, which must be about as bad for her voice as anything one can imagine. But Mme. Calve has never been known to think huch of her voice when her whims were

at stake. She has spent much of her time this summer with a group of attractive young Americans whom she met here this spring. They are Miss Natalie Barney, Miss Eva Palmer and Miss Lounsbury. They are all to visit her at Aveyron, where Mme. Calvé also entertains every year a number of young girls from Paris.

Mme. Calvé has sold her house in Paris because Mme, de Thèbes, the fortuneteller in whom she had so much interest and confidence, advised her to get rid of it, assuring her that she would never be happy so long as she retained possession of it. So the prima donna let the house go at a great bargain rather than take the risk of living in it. Mme. de Thebes does not play

living in it. Mme. de Thebes does not play such an important part in the singer's affairs at present, but Mme. Calvé has never bought another house in Paris, although she keeps an apartment there.

Mme. Sembrich has gone to her house in Dresden, where she usually spends no more than two weeks of the year. After the preliminary arrangements of her outing in the mountains are completed, she will go away again, devoting most of the summer to climbing. She has been to Switzerland and in the Dolomites. She usually seeks out the less known resorts and lives for two months in a short walking skirt and shirt waists. She has her own dining room and attendants in the hotels, and guests who have heard rumors that she is there cannot be persuaded to believe it.

Last summer one American guest acted

cannot be persuaded to believe it.

Last summer one American guest acted as if she had been lured to the hotel under false pretences when she could find no traces of the prima donna in the hotel. She was told that Mme. Sembrich was in the habit of starting on her climbing trips early in the morning.

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"Oh," answered the guest, somewhat mollified, "then that is the little woman I see every morning walking over the hill as I get out of bed."

The return to Dresden is made only in time to prepare for the work of the winter. Mme. Sembrich never sings during these marks of weektop.

Mme. Sembrich never sings during these weeks of vacation.

Mme. Nordica is resting this summer in the United States, although she intends to go abroad later for a short stay in Paris.

Mme. Eames is with Julian Story, her husband, at their beautiful home in Vallambrosa, on which they have been working for the last six years. Mr. Story has just had the last of the roads on the place completed, and there are now more than impleted, and there are now more than completed, and there are now more than twenty miles of drives within the grounds. The house is built in the form of a me-diaval castle. Here Mme. Fames lives for four months in the year, enjoying a simple out of door life and spending as much of her time as possible among her

much of her time as possible among her dogs.

Mme. Lili Lehmann, who is to take part this summer in the Mozart festival at Salzburg, lives in the Grünewald, although she has recently declared with much warmth that this retreat near Berlin is not nearly so pleasant as it used to be. She wrote an indignant letter to a Berlin newspaper saying that the Grünewald is now overrun by cheap bands and beer gardens, although she bought her property there with the express condition that no such nuisances were to be allowed. allowed.

In August Mme. Lehmann will go to the Salzkammergut, and, dressing berself as a shepherdess, will climb the hills until her engagements call her back to Berlin. Edyth Walker has been spending the summer near Munich and will remain there until it is time for her to begin her season at the Merconolitan.

it is time for her to begin her season at the Metropolitan.

Ernesto Caruso went from London to Monte Catini, the favorite resort of Verdi and the shrine of memories of him to which all Italian musicians resort. He is there with his wife, but will return earlier to this country than his artistic duties require, because he expects an important happening in the family which will add another singer to it. Signor Caruso is anxious to have this event happen in this country, and for that reason will come earlier to New York.

Antonio Scotti, who has been in Naples, will also be at Monte Catini and is to take

Antonio Scotti, who has been in Naples, will also be at Monte Catini and is to take the cure at Salsomaggiore. Both Jean and Edouard de Reszke, who have been in London, are to go to their homes in Poland at the end of the present month. Anton van Rooy is in Amsterdam. He is to be a member of the company which will give the Wagner performances at the Prinz Regent's Theatre in Munich in August.

Andreas Dippel, of all the men singers, has the oddest home this summer. He has built for himself at Kaltenlauetgeben, near Vienna, an American house designed by a noted American architect and embodying the most comfortable ideas in American homes. Porcelain bathtubs, hot water in abundance and electric lights all are in the tenor's new house. Albert Saleza is at his home in Bruges, where he devotes his leisure to his farm.

South Sea Heroes Easily Jarred. From the St. James's Gazette.

o English shores who has caused difficulty to his entertainers. The Queen of the Sandwich Islands, whom Dean Stanley found such a delightfully interesting little woman, refused to egve her quarters unless an escort of the guards was sent to conduct her forth. Earlier still we had over here some real New Zealand Princes whom an admirer enter-tained. Luncheon went off capitally. The Zealand Princes whom an adapter entertained. Luncheon went off capitally. The four Princes ate fourteen pounds of roast beef between them, and promised to "moko," i. e., tattoo the face of their host. The after proceedings were equally felicitous until the master of the house produced a case of glow worms. With shrieks and yells the warriors rushed from the house like deer, leaped the wall of the garden and those of adjoining ones. A drawing room window was open. Shrieking in fear and indignation they made for this, and at a bound were through it. There sat an elderly lady knitting socks for her little boys in far distant lands. Hades, she thought, had sent her its ambassadors as the painted, yelling savages bounded in upon her. They were as frightened as she, returned by the way they had come, and were brought to just in time to prevent their taking to Regent's Park. They had never seen before anything like that which had alarmed them The glow worms simply represented devils to the New Zealanders, and they were anxious not to remain in such company.

Now Is the Season When the Night Flying Distractions to country card parties at the summer resorts are the night flying insects, moths for the most part, that drop

in without invitation to take a hand in the games. Wherever city folks may board or keep house, the card game flourishes and the winged insects call On this account city card parties are staid and formal in comparison with the country gatherings. To the scientist, there are many varieties of these visitors, but the card players divide them all into the two classes, moths and

bugs. Anything that wings its way noiselessly into the lamp and drops, a singed mass, to the surface of the card table is a moth. The fivers that make a fuss as they shoot about, or possess long legs or tails, or claws, form the second great division, An automobile bug is perhaps the liveliest

An automobile bug is perhaps the liveliest of this season's visitors. It enters the room like a rocket, bangs against a mirror, and then, with its wheels buzzing, gong clanging and radiator throbbing, carroms to the lamp shade and finally alights in the hair of one of the women. By the time the bug has been put out of business and the room the dama has been forgotten. bug has been put out of business and the room, the game has been forgotten.

In their quieter way, the moths are as common a cause of trouble in a game.

"I declare," voices the partner, in the honeyed accents he uses when most annoyed, "you have trumped my ace, my only ace."

"Beg pardon;" replies the delinquent, "but a moth got into my eye and I put down the wrong card."

It is always a mystery how the night

down the wrong card."

It is always a mystery how the night fivers learn that a card game is in progress. Not one will be visible when the lamps are lighted, yet, although the doors are tightly closed and there is not a hole in the mosquito netting over the windows, before the opening hand is played out the moths and bugs will be shooting about the room.

LOST CHANCE FOR VEGETARIANS. Somehow They Don't Gain Many Recruits,

Even When Meat Prices Rise. A meat famine always has the effect of stimulating the hopes of vegetarians for a general acceptance of their views. Unuckily, it is a peculiarity of professional vegetarians that they make up in sincerity what they lack in humor.

Professional vegetarians can be defined as those who are sincere believers in the efficacy of fruit and vegetables in preference to meat, but regard themselves as reforming advocates of the customs which have existed in civilized humanity for many centuries. Opposing the use of meat and in extreme cases eggs and cheese as not truly vegetarian, they offer a schedule, the latest items in which, with the percent ages of nutriment, are as follows:

Wainuts... 97 Rice.
Peanuts. 95 Oa imeal
Whole wheat flour. 90 Dried prunes.
Dried beans. 87 Cheese.
Cornmeal. 87 Meats...

has been read through at one post it is returned to Manila and sent out again to

returned to Manila and sent out again to some other post, and so it is kept in circulation. There are about 31,000 United States troops, widely scattered, stationed in the Philippines, and this reading matter is acceptable to them.

Contributions of reading matter from givers here intended for this destination should be marked: "American Library, Manila, P. I. Care Depot Quartermaster, 3 Moore street, New York City."

These contributions are forwarded by the United States without any expense to the giver; but they must be delivered at 3 Moore street, free of all charges.

HUMAN AFFECTION FOR TEN. Reason for Mankind's Preference for This Numeral.

From the Pall Mall Gazette. We have to go very far back indeed to trace the genesis of the human affection for the figure ten, which is apparently about to receive official recognition in England. We count in tens, of course, because each of our limbs terminates in a pentadigitate arrangement. If we inquire into the origin of this we must retrace many genealogical steps. We find it in the apes and all other mammals, terrestrial and marine.

We find it in the bird, though the adult possesses only three and a half fingers in its arm, no more being desirable under the present modification of that limb for flight. But the developing chick, in accordance with the great law of You Baer, that the history of the individual is a recapitulation of the history of the race, possess is five fingers in each of its fore limbs, indicating its descent from a pentadigitate reptilian ancestor. But not even in the reptile do we find the beginning of this arrangement. His progenitor, the amphibian, has ten fingers and ten toes, as may be seen any day in the frog. This arrangement is, indeed, typical of the limbs of a vertebrate animal. We might inquire why the number of digits was not greater-six, for example; and probably the answer would be that five was the largest number which could be controlled by the vertebrate brain when the type was being so to speak, decided upon. Had the number been six, there would have been certain ultimate advantages, not merely to the pianist. the violinist, and possibly the typewriter

but to all of us. These advantages were well pointed out by Herbert Spencer in his article on the metric system, which his executors are now, I presume, reprinting in accordance with the terms of his will, and distributing among the members of both houses. Rad six, instead o five, been the vertebrate verdict, man would not now need any arguments—valid, indeed. but some millions of years belated-in favor but some millions of years belated—in favor of a duodecimal system. True it is that the number twelve is divisible by four figures, whereas ten is divisible by only two, and that twelve also represents approximately the relation of the months of the year; but the morphological arrangement has pronounced against the duodecimal and in favor of the decimal, so that decimal it must be. But it is interesting to reflect how many years ago this present arrangement was forcordained.

800 Needles in 50-Year-Old Pin Cushion. From the Bangor News.

Last week a Bath lady on reading an item in a Massachusetts paper about the discovery of several hundred needles in an old covery of several hundred needles in an old pin cushion recalled the fact that she put away a cushion a long time ago which was a gift from her sister that had been in the family for years and years, and out of curiosity she hunted it up and on opening it found a bed of needles of all sizes. The total number was an even \$30. Many of them years rusted, but the most of them were as bright as when new. The pin cushion is known to be over fifty years old.

SPOIL COUNTRY CARD GAMES. | PIANO SALES ARE INCREASING

NOTHING IN THE TALK ABOUT ITS BEING A BACK NUMBER.

Thousands More Planes Sold Last Year Than in the Year Before, and the In-crease Was Steady Before That—And More Youngsters Are Learning to Play.

It is often lightly said nowadays tha the piano is becoming a back number; that a piano is no longer considered an essential item of equipment in homes making any pretence to refinement; that fewer children are taking plane lessons than there were a few years ago; that the great piano players are fast coming to have a mot in piano playing because there is less tolerance for mere piano walloping and thumping than there was a few years ago, an that the increasing number of devices for producing something akin to music from the piano by means of strips of perforated paper have taken the heart out of amateur and mediocre players, with the result that the sale of pianos has materially fallen off. All of this and much more in the same

went the rounds of a number of concerns, whose representatives are in a position to know, and asked if all this talk about the passing of the piano had any truth in it. "Absolutely none," said J. B. Spillane, managing editor of the Music Trade Review. "It is utter nonsense without a grain of truth to hang it on. So far from the sales of pianos diminishing, they never before have been so large as within the last three or four years. The sale of pianos in 1901, 1902 and 1903 was phenomenal. The greatest demand came from the Northwest and

the Middle West, although the sale of pianos

on the Pacific Coast in the last two or three

strain has been getting into print within

the last few months, so a SUN reporter

years has broken all records. "It was from the Northwest and the Middle West, though, that the demand was the heaviest. The purchasers were for the most part farmers, and their investments in pianos were due principally to good crops and good prices for them and a marked advance in musical culture among the masses of the people. This increased musical culture is due to one of the very reasons I have seen given to support the absurd proposition that the piano is becoming a back number. I mean the great piano players who have been travelling through the country. It was in the very nature of things that these great players shoud stimulate interest in musical studies and hence should stimulate the cal studies and hence should summiste the sale of musical instruments, and that is precisely what they have done.

"With the increased musical culture has come the transition from the old fash-

tops and sides of the instrument, to say nothing of the great amount of time and skill that are expended on the beautiful wood carving that is put upon them.

"There has developed a great tendency among Americans of great wealth to have pianos which are individual and unlike any others and that are in themselves art masterpieces. The cost of these pianos ranges all the way from \$5,000 and \$8,000 to \$15,000 and \$17,000. The most expensive piano. I believe, that was ever made to order by a firm in this country cost between \$47,000 and \$48,000. There is a firm in the city that is working now on a piano for a customer out on the Pacific Coast which is to cost \$7,000 or \$8,000.

customer out on the Pacific Coast which is to cost \$7,000 or \$8,000.

"There has been in the last three or four years an unprecedented demand for these high priced pianos, especially out on the Pacific Coast, which is still another refutation of the statement that the demand for pianos is decreasing among people of wealth and refinement. The actual fact is that never before in the history of the trade has there been so rapid an increase of sales among this very class, as well as among the moderately well to do.

"In 1900 there were built 171,138 pianos. Of these, 166,786 were of the upright type, 4,257 of the "grand" form and 101 of the square style. In 1901 the output of all kinds of pianos was about 180,000; in 1902 it was about 195,000; in 1903 it was at least 200,000. The figures given are 220,000, but

1t was about 1200,000. The figures given are 220,000, but these may be exaggerated, so we will put it

200,000. The figures given are 220,000, but these may be exaggerated, so we will put it at 200,000.

"These figures are within the mark. Surely this does not look like a falling off. There is nothing in such figures to make talk about the 'passing of the plano' or that the plano has become a back number.

"As to the statement that the mechanical devices for playing the plano have lowered the standing of the instrument and decreased the demand for it, that is, on its face, ridiculous. There are a number of such devices on the market and they have particularly stimulated the sale of planos, as of a logical necessity they must. Hundreds of people buy planos just because of the mechanical devices for playing them—people who would never think of buying a plano but for the existence of those devices, because they had nobody in their families who was able to play.

"As for the alleged decrease in the number of young people learning to play the plano, that, too, is untrue. There are more young people learning to play the plano than ever. The rosters of all our leading schools of music were never so full as they have been in the last year, and the number of students is steadily increasing."

In corroboration of what Mr. Spillane said regarding the increased demand for planos, it may be mentioned that a firm in this city is now filling an order for forty-seven planos, both grand and upright, in specially designed cases, for one of the new hotels recently erected in the city. It is, perhaps, the largest single order for pianos ever given.

ever given.

Colors That Are Not Easy to See.

What color is least easily seen at a distance

From Success.

One would naturally say some dull neutral tint, a sombre gray or brown. This has been the conclusion of most military men, and our brilliant uniforms have given way for practial campaigning to khaki and other dull colors. Is this a mistake? Possibly so, according to the results obtained in recent experiments in England. It has been found there that masses of dull colors are much more conspicuous at a distance than mixtures of bright tints. For instance, a battery of field artillery

STORIES OF THE ABSENT-MINDED.

Showed a Sample Over Te From the Duluth News-Tribune.

One of the clearest cases of absent-mindedness on record was enacted by a leading grocer of this dity yesterday. Over the telephone came an order from a wealthy customer for some cranges to be delivered during the afternoon.

"What are the pricee?" asked the customer.

"Oh, we have them at all prices, from 20 cents a dozen up."

ents a dozen up." "Well, I'm not particular about the price.
What I want is the quality and size."
"Wait a moment, please." He went to the
bex containing his choicest fruit, selected a
large, yellow sample, and hastened back to

the 'phone' he orange aloft in one hand while he grasped the telephone receiver with the other, he said:
"Will this kind de?"

President Hadley Was Absent-minded.

From the Boston Post.
President Hadley of Yale has the reput President Hadley of Yale has the reputa-tion of being an absent-minded man, but his father, who was also a professor at Yale, was even worse in that respect, if possible. Prof. Seymour, the head of the Greek de-partment, still tells of the morning when old Prof. Hadley, seeing him in a street car, shook hands with the conductor and offered his nickel to Prof. Saymour. his nickel to Prof. Seymour.

He Could Spare a Pin for Baby.

From the Fouth's Compension.

One day the wife of an absent-minded professor in a New England college stepped into the library, where the professor was supposed to be extertaining his youngest boy and particular pet. There was a suspicious silence, and then she saw that her husband was deep in a book, while the baby, perched upon his father's knee, was endeavoring upon his father's knee, was endeavoring to swallow a large black-headed pin which he had pulled from a tempting coat lapel.
"Dear me, Henry," gasped the mother as she new into the room, rescued the pin and seized her child. "Didn't you see that baby was trying to swallow a pin he had pulled out of your lapel?"

The professor looked at her with a dazed

"No, my dear, I had not noticed," he said, mildly. "And in any case I have another pin there. Yes, there it is. You see I could easily spare one to the baby. It almost seems a pity to have disturbed him when he was playing so quietly, does it not, my dear? And all for a pin!" said the man of learning, with an air of gentle reproach, as he returned to his book, and the mother withdrew the

baby to a place of safety. An Absent-minded Sleuth.

From the Arisona Republican. From time to time complaints are made to the police of boys bathing in the town ditch within the city limits. The last complaint was that they went in swimming every afternoon along the Yuma road west of Five Points.

Yesterday afternoon Officer Moore thought he would go out and break up the fun. He did not want to go on his wheel or horse, for fear the boys would see him coming and run, so he got George Deeters to drive him out behind a couple of colts he was breaking. Both are horsemen by nature and, of course, the colts occupied their attention. They travelled about a quarter of a mile west of Five Points alongside the ditch before either of them gave the ditch a thought, and when they did take a look at it, it was as dry as a

Figured on the Back of a Brougham. From the Woman's Home Companion.

At a dinner party Dr. Woodrow Wilson of Princeton was describing the absent-mindedness of a certain mathematician.

"This man," he said, "is so absent-minded that once he walked along for a quarter of a mile in the gutter instead of on the side-walk. He would have kept on in the gutter indefinitely, had not the polished back of a brougham, that was drawn up before a shop,

brought him to a halt.
"The mathematician stopped within a foot of the brougham. He looked at the black, smooth, lustrous surface before him, and it suggested to his mind a blackboard. Accordingly he drew a piece of chalk from his pocket and began to work out an abstruse

'On and on he worked, covering the carriage with figures, until finally it started off. Still working, the mathematician followed it; he until the pace became too quick for him did he realize that something was wrong. Then pocketed his chalk and started homeward.

Bridegroom Left Ring Behind From the London Daily Mail.

An absent-minded bridegroom, at a wedding arranged to take place yesterday morning at Sedgley, forgot to take the ring with him when he left for the church.
Discovering the omission, he drove hastily back, only to find that the servants had gone out and locked the house up. A window had to be forced in order to get possession of the

ring. Mommsen's Speech in the Reichstag. From the London Chronicle.

Kurt Matull, a young playwright, who for years lived only a few doors away from the historian Mommsen in Charlottenburg, a western suburb of Berlin, relates some entertaining anecdotes of the great scholar.

He writes: "Prof. Mommsen's most strongly marked characteristic was his intense absorp-

tion in whatever work at any time happened to interest him, and this resulted in an absent mindedness that led him into all sorts of difficulties. Perhaps the most noteworth of these concerns Mommsen's first and only speech in the Reichstag. When he went to take his seat he was escorted from the University of Berlin, in which he then held the chair of history, to the parliament building by a great assemblage of students. The students thronged the galleries, prepared to give their beloved professor a great demonstration when he had finished his maider

"After Mommsen had taken his seat he was observed to fumble in his pockets and draw out a paper that all supposed was the speech in question. No sooner had he done this than Bismarck, the iron chancellor, arose to address the house. Not the slightest attention did Mommsen pay to Bismarck He sat absorbed in his paper, which he held close up to his nose, for he was unusually short-sighted.
"All of a sudden, while Bismarck was still

talking, up jumped Mommsen and, to the amazement of all, cried in a loud voice: 'Stop! Stop! Stop! What does that student mean by talking all this time? He must stop it, I say! If he doesn't, I shall call the attendant! The explanation of the grand old man's The explanation of the grand old man's outbreak was soon apparent to all. The paper he was examining was one concerning his duties as a professor, and he thought he was still at the university. There was a great outburst of laughter, in which Bismarck joined most heartily. But Mommsen could never be induced to enter the parliament building again."

Returned Without the Umbrella. From the Denver News.

Max von Pettenkofer; who has been called the founder of scientific hygiene, and, next to Humboldt, the most popular of all Ger-man naturalists, lost a fortune in umbrellas, seldom bringing back what he had taken away.

Once, however, he made a trip as England, and was very proud of having actually succeeded in bringing back his umbrella to Germany. At Augsburg he stopped on business, but sent a telegram, reading: "At 8 o'clock I return with my umbrella." He did return at 8 o'clock, but as he entered his house in Munich he saw to his dismay that he had no umbrella. He had left it a the telegraph station.

The Boston Way.

From the Philadelphia Press.
Towne-She's from Boston, isn't she? Browne—I can't tell. She hasn't had occasion yet to pronounce the word "either."

Towne—She's not from Boston, then, If she were she'd have found the occasion long ago.



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RICHEST OF FITTING SCHOOLS

MADE POSSIBLE BY JACOB TOME'S GREAT FORTUNE.

Its Endowment Nearly Four Millions and Its System of Buildings Said to Be the Finest in America—The Grounds Were Designed by F. L. Olmsted.

PORT DEPOSIT, Md., July 15 .- When Jacob Tome died about six years ago he left a fortune, all of which he had made in this town of 2,000 inhabitants.

Long before his death, he had thought over its final disposition. He had built a fine church in Port Deposit, he had given liberally to Dickinson College; but the bulk of his property was yet to be disposed of. His wealth had been acquired in Port Deposit, and his first thought was of his townspeople. He decided to provide for the education of their children, but put aside the idea of adding to the long list of American colleges and universities.\ He would provide a system of schools for his own

community. A large brick building was erected opposite the Tome house, and a school was opened four years before he died. When his will had been probated, the trustees of the Jacob Tome Institute found themselves charged with the care of a fund amounting to nearly \$4,000,000, while only a small part held on to the body with his left hand, and not of the income was being used in the manage-

ment of the school already in operation. It was decided to establish a great boys' parding school, which, because faculty and its physical equipment, would be as independent as an American college, The trustees realized that Port Deposit was too small for their plans, and property was acquired above the town. Five years ago, the greater part of it was a waving grain field. Now it contains what is said to be the most complete system of school

buildings in America. In the selection of the site, and in the preliminary plans, the trustees had the advice of Frederick Law Olmsted. Architects were invited to take part in a paid competition, and to submit plans for a complete system of school buildings. A landscape engineer was engaged to lay out the grounds and a sanitary engineer to devise a water and drainage system. The plan has been carried out at a cost of more than \$900,000. The improvements on the

campus cost nearly \$100,000. The chief ornamental feature is the Italian garden, which makes the approach to Memorial Hall, the central structure in the group. This building was erected in memory of the founder. It is 200 feet long with an extreme width of 100 feet, and is built of granite and Indiana limestone,

with an extreme width of 100 feet, and is built of granite and Indiana limestone. Its cost was about \$200,000. It contains twenty-eight classrooms, the laboratories, the library, the reading room, consultation room for the trustees and faculty, the offices for the director and secretary, lunch rooms, coat rooms, playroom and an assembly hall capable of seating 500 persons.

Five buildings are now used for dormitory purposes. Two gymnasiums are used for physical exercises. Other buildings are the Institute Inn, which provides accommodation for visitors, and a home for many of the teachers; the director's residence, the power plant, the infirmary, the laundry and eleven residences for masters. Among the proposed buildings are a chapel, separate scientific laboratories, library, administration building, manual training shops, dining hall, boathouse and a series of dormitories.

In organizing the faculty the directors and trustees have secured a number of masters, who do a large share of the teaching, and who have special charge of the boys outside of school—in the dormitories and during play hours.

The director is Abram W. Harris, LL. D. who came to the institute in 1901 from the University of Maine, where he had been president since 1893. Previous to that he had been director of the office of experiment stations in Washington, D. C., and a member of the faculty of Wesleyan University. The school has a course of six years, divided into what is called the upper half and the lower half. In the lower half the work is all required, but in the upper half the pupil has a limited choice. The studies in this half are arranged in five groups—the classical, the scientific, the English, the manual training and the commercial.

School men are watching the institute's development with much interest. They feel that a great preparatory school, removed from the necessity of gaining a living for-its promoters and directed by men of the best training, can do much to settle many of the mooted questions of secondary education. For e

trance to college are irrational. If the hardworking schoolmaster, who has to run his school for a living, makes such a statement to the college authorities, he is immediately suspected of desiring to lower the standard of entrance. Such a statement coming from an independent institution would have greater force.